Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crownd, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King Stand al apart. Cosin of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shal we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them.

Buc. Stil liue they, and for euer may they last.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.

King Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.

Buc. Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble prince.

King O bitter consequence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.
Cosin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shal I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenlie performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenlie, be briefe.

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I wil resolue your grace immediatlie. *Exit.*

Cates. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King. I wil conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingh
Boy. My Lord.
King. Knowst thou not any
Would tempt vnto a close exp
Boy. My lord, I know a dis
Whose humble meanes ma
Gould were as good as twenti
And will no doubt tempt him t
King. What is his name.
Boy. His name my Lord is
King. Go call him hither pr
The deepe reuoluing wittie Bu
No more shall be the neighbou
Hath he so long held out with
And stops he nowe for breath?
How now, what neewes vvith
Darby. My Lord, I heare th
Is fled to Richmond, in those p
abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.*
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and
I will take order for her keeping
Enquire me out some meane b
Whom I will marrie straight to
The boy is fooliſh, and I feare n
Looke how thou dreamst: I say
That Anne my wife is sicke and
About it, for it stands me much
To stop all hopes vvhose growth
I must be married to my brothe
Or else my kingdome stands on
Murther her brothers, and then
Vncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I
So far in bloud that sinne vvill pl
Teare falling pittie dwels not in
Is thy name Tirrill?
Tyr. Iames Tirrell and your

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